

The Historie of

O, the diuell take such coofeners, God forgine me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.

Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
VVe will stay your leysure.

Hot. I haue done yfaith.

Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliuier them vp without their ransome straighr,
And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons
VVhich I shall send you written, be assurde
Will easily be granted you my Lord.
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate welbelou'd
The Archbishop.

Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?

Wor. True, who bears hard
His brothers death at *Briston* the Lord *Scroope*:
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staies but to be hold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it. Vpon my life it wil do well.

Nor. Before the game is afoote, thou still letst slip.

Hot. VVhy it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly wel aimed.

Wor. and tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:
For, beare our selues as euill as we can,
The King wil alwaies thinke him in our dept,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hotspur.

Henry the fourth.

Hot. He does, he does, wee le be reueng'd on him.

Wor. Coofin, Farewel. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shal direct your course
VVhen time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
He steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
VVhere you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I wil fashion it, shal happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
VVhich now we hold at much vncertainty.

Nor. Farewel good brother, we shal thrue, I trust.

Hot. Vncle adieu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our sport, *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, An it be not foure by the day, He be hangd,
Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horse not
packt. VVhat Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat eu ts saddle, put a few flockes in
the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of al celfe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, & that
is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is tur-
ned vpside downe since Robin Ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of oats rose,
it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I thinke this be the most vilanous house in all Lon-
don roade for fleas, I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench: by the masse there is nere a king chri-
sten could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cocke.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordaine, & then wee
leake in your chimney, and your chamber he breeds fleas like a
loach.

1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hangd, come away

2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger,
to be deliuered as far as Charing Crosse.

2 *Car.* Godsbody, the Turkies in my Panier are quite star-
ued: what Ostler: a plagu on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy
head: canst not heare, & t were not as good a dee d as drinke to

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breake